

THE BEE

WASHINGTON

Longfellow's

VOL. XXXII NO 1

WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY JUNE 3, 1911

EDITOR AT DURHAM

Dr. J. E. Shepard is Doing a Good Work

THINGS HE SAW AND HEARD

BUSINESS MEN OF DURHAM.

Wonderful Growth of the Southern Negro—Greatest Insurance Company in the World.

(Editorial Correspondence.)

If I am to judge the South by what I see here in Durham, N. C., my opinion of the Southland is changed from this moment. I am giving my opinion of the conditions in this section of the South as I see them. I have been in Durham, N. C., just one week, and I assure you that I don't find as much laziness here as I find in the North. There is no necessity for any one to be idle in Durham, and I am informed by reliable persons that the same conditions exist in other sections of the State. I am not writing from hearsay, but from personal observations and contact.

Both Races

are living together here in perfect harmony. The "Jim Crow" cars don't seem to disturb the people in the least because you will hardly see over three or four colored people riding on them at any time. The most progressive colored citizens own their own teams and carriages. They are under no obligations to the street car system. I asked a prominent colored citizen what he thought of the "Jim Crow" system at Durham. He thought it was a Godsend in disguise. It tends to force the colored people to become more united. In many instances

The White Physicians

and the white dentists hold sway here. Now the colored physician and dentist about monopolize the medical profession. The colored people with but one exception employ colored physicians and dentists. I came in contact with every prominent colored physician in the city. Every one is doing well. Dr. Charles H. Shepard, brother of Dr. James E. Shepard, seems to be the most successful and the most prominent in the city. He recently married a very accomplished young lady who seems to be a great help to the young physician. Speaking of people

In Business,

the North can't hold the light for the colored people in Durham. The North Carolina colored American, from my standpoint, can't ever teach the Northern colored man how to conduct business. I shall first take up the North Carolina Mutual Insurance Company, which is reputed to be the greatest insurance company in the world among colored people. The company is officered by such well-known business men as John Merrick, who is the president and founder. Mr. Merrick is one among the leading business men in this city. He is married and has a most excellent wife and several children. It is rumored that his only single daughter is to be married shortly to a well-known physician in Winston, N. C. I understand that this young physician has a very large practice. Miss Merrick is regarded as the belle of Durham. She is faultless in her dress. The Merricks live on Fayette Street, a fashionable part of the city.

President Merrick is a genial and agreeable companion. He wears a smile that never comes off. He is one of the strongest of supporters the National Religious Training School has, and a man of considerable wealth. I went with him Thursday to his church on Fayette Street, which is one of the most imposing in the city. I have never seen a church so well

constructed. The situation of the organ, pulpit, and the arrangement of the seats was perfect. This is the church that the elder Duke made a gift of \$1,000. In the center of the structure is a large memorial window of the elder Duke. Mr. Merrick is a strong church man and liberal to the cause of Christianity. He secured his start in life when quite young, and today I am told that he is the second or richest colored man in Durham. The contest for the honor is between him and Fitzgerald. The latter is the manufacturer of bricks, and in speaking with a representative of the Morning Herald, of whom I shall speak later on, I was informed by him that the reason Fitzgerald's bricks are more salable than the white man's brick, is they are better brick.

Dr. A. M. Moore, M. D., is the secretary and treasurer of the North Carolina Mutual Aid Provident Association. Mr. Moore is a matter of fact kind of a man, and a thorough race man. He is also interested in the Durham Textile Mills, Inc., manufacturers of hosiery, of which I shall speak later on. He is also a business man and a Christian worker in the church and Sabbath school. He believes in the uplift of the Negro. He has two very accomplished daughters who were graduated from Shaw University this month. Mrs. Moore is also a good home woman and a genuine companion.

Mr. C. C. Spaulding is vice-president and general manager of the North Carolina Mutual and Provident Association. Now if you want to see brains and a man of business, you want to meet Mr. Spaulding. What he doesn't know about insurance is not worth knowing. I called at his home office on Parrish Street Monday morning, May 22. I found him opening his mail and distributing it to his several clerks in the several departments for action. I was introduced to the employees of the office and was shown the character of their work. In this office there are 12 ladies and six men, who are up to date in business. Prof. J. A. Dyer, an expert accountant, is a graduate of Wilberforce and a man of ability.

Mr. J. L. Wheeler is the assistant manager and a graduate of Kitts.

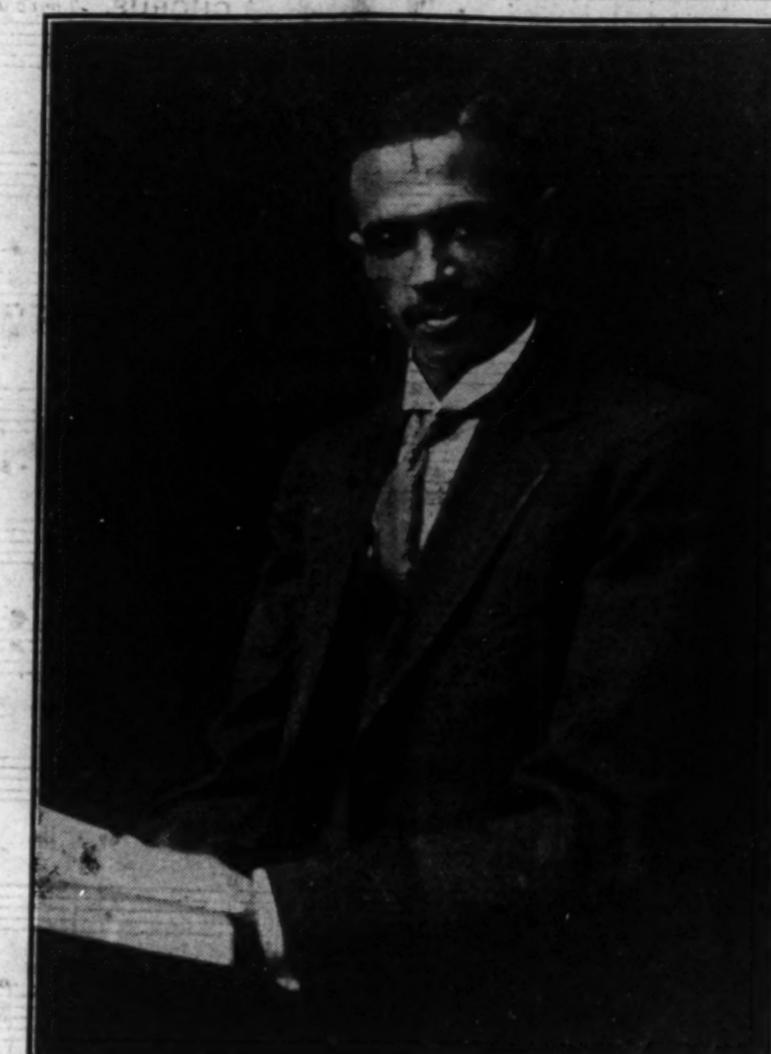
The official stenographer of the company is Miss S. V. Gitt. Her work, says Manager Spaulding, is satisfactory.

Mr. John Merrick, Jr., has returned from Howard, and he will succeed his sister, Miss Mabel V. Merrick, who is to marry Dr. W. H. Bruce, of Winston, N. C. There is no insurance company in the city that has a better system of bookkeeping.

There are three branches of the company, to wit: It has \$75,000 invested in North Carolina; \$20,000 cash bond in South Carolina; \$5,000 in Atlantic City bonds, Georgia, all of which branches are under the general management of Mr. C. C. Spaulding. This manager has a cool and level head who has made the North Carolina Mutual and Provident Association and its two branch companies, the greatest institutions conducted by colored men in the United States. I am informed that the weekly income is \$500,642 per week. It is by his wise and judicious management that has won the confidence and support of the people. The recent ruling of the Insurance Commission will necessitate the company to sell all of its real property and invest its funds for the protection of the policyholders. I have sent under separate cover the cuts of the principal offices of the company, which will give the readers of this week's issue of The Bee an idea of the character of men who are conducting the greatest insurance company in the United States. I shall now leave this company for the present and divert my readers' attention for a short time to

The Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company, whose home

Continued on page 4



DR. JAMES E. SHEPARD.

TRAINING SCHOOL

A Jubilee Week at Durham

SCHOOL DOING GREAT WORK

Durham, N. C., May 27.

The first notice of the proposed National Religious Training School appeared in the Bee. At the time Dr. Shepard stated that he intended to erect buildings for such a school. I have been informed by the people here that they laughed at him and said that he was building air castles. Well, I wish you could see the air castles. This school is a fact, and the buildings have materialized in deed and in fact. This school is situated in the southern section of Durham. It is beautifully located and has in its grounds a spring which supplies water that cannot be found anywhere in the State. I want to give you an idea of the buildings: The Avery Auditorium is centrally located upon the grounds and fronts the main street. Fayette is the principal street in which colored Americans live, and this street takes you to the school.

The auditorium will hold fully 700 or 800 people. Many distinguished citizens have spoken from its platform. The dining hall and the men's and women's dormitories are two large buildings, which will be seen elsewhere in The Bee, which I have sent on to appear in this week's issue of The Bee. There are several other buildings being erected and will no doubt be completed in a few weeks. President Shepard will erect a home for himself and family opposite the school grounds this summer. The teachers are all high-class instructors.

Mr. H. A. Clark, of Philadelphia, is director of music. He writes all the music that is sung at the school. He is a high-class composer. I have sent on his cut and a piece of music which he composed and dedicated to Dr. James E. Shepard. There is a students' band at the institution under the direction of Prof. Clark and Prof. C. G. O. Kelly, leader of the band. I must stop now and tell you of the commencement exercises. This school is new to the people of Durham and the entire school. Dr. Shepard has given something that no other man in the South has ever given. The exercises at the school began Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. The baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. A. P. Riccard, of Springfield, Mass. This gentleman is one of the leading ministers in the South. For one hour he electrified his audience. The auditorium was filled with the leading people in the city. The entire program was interesting. The band of the school rendered many musical selections under the direction of the leaders.

Monday evening was an oratorical contest in which the following participated:

Oration, "Mind the Master Force".

Mr. George McCorkle

Orchestra selection, "Our Lieutenant" (Luigo) .. N. R. T. S. Orchestra

Oration, "The Kind of Young Men Wanted" .. Mr. Harmon Taylor

Overture, "Prince's Dream" (Evans) .. N. R. T. S. Orchestra

Oration, "Some Advantages of a College Education" .. Mr. Elmer Turner

The judges of this contest were Mr. W. T. Bost, of the Daily Herald, this city; James Ganson, Y. M. C. A., Fall River, Mass., and W. Calvin Chase, of The Bee.

The speeches were good and much interest was manifested in them by the contestants. The report of the judges was received with enthusiasm.

There was much interest manifested in the address on Tuesday evening by Dr. W. P. Few, of Durham, N. C., and president of Trinity College. He didn't think so much of Dr. Du Bois, but he did pay Dr. Booker T. Washington a high compliment. Dr. Few entertained Judge Stafford at the select club of

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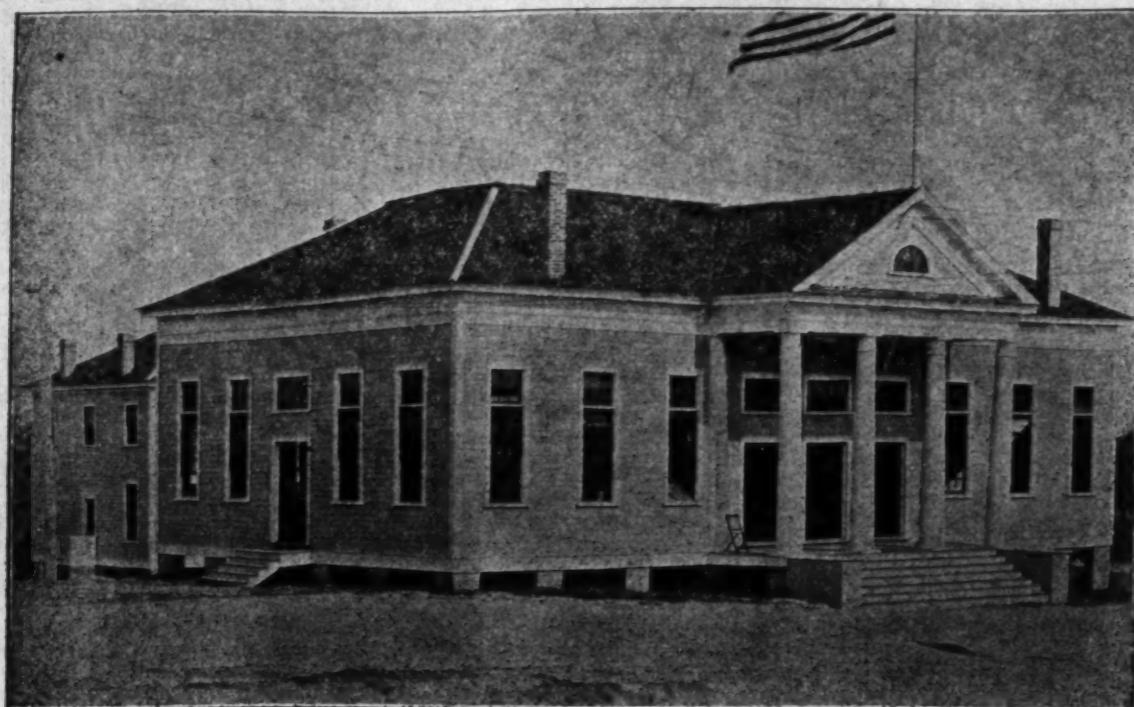
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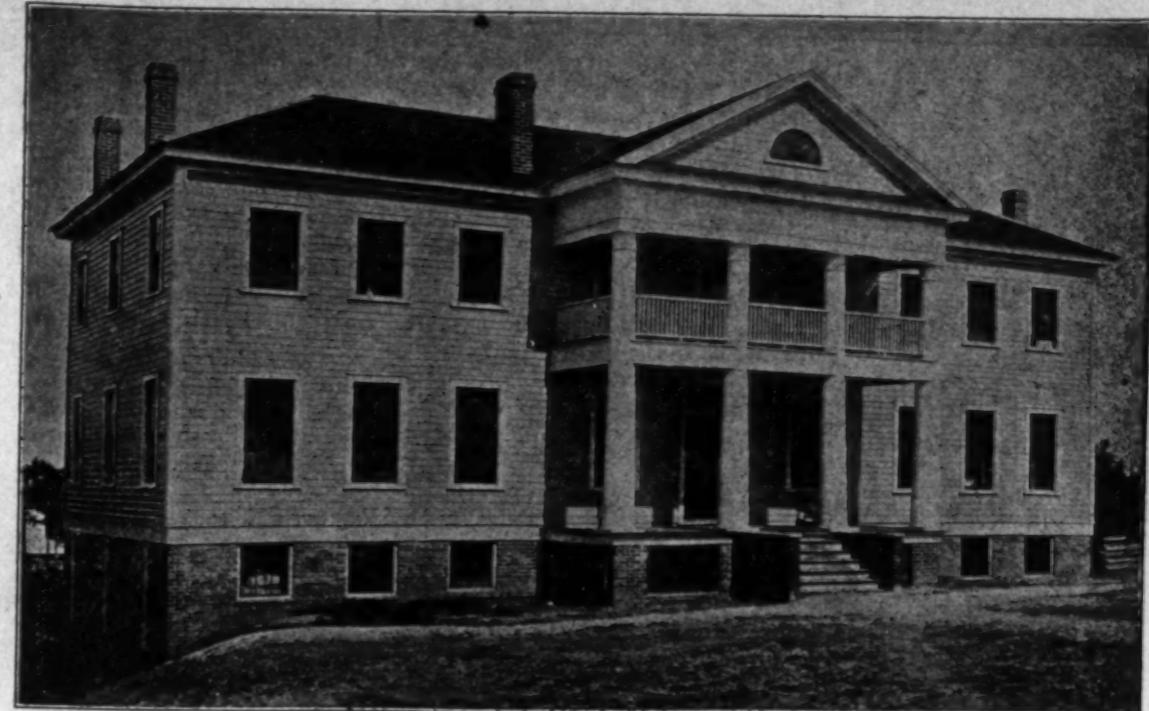
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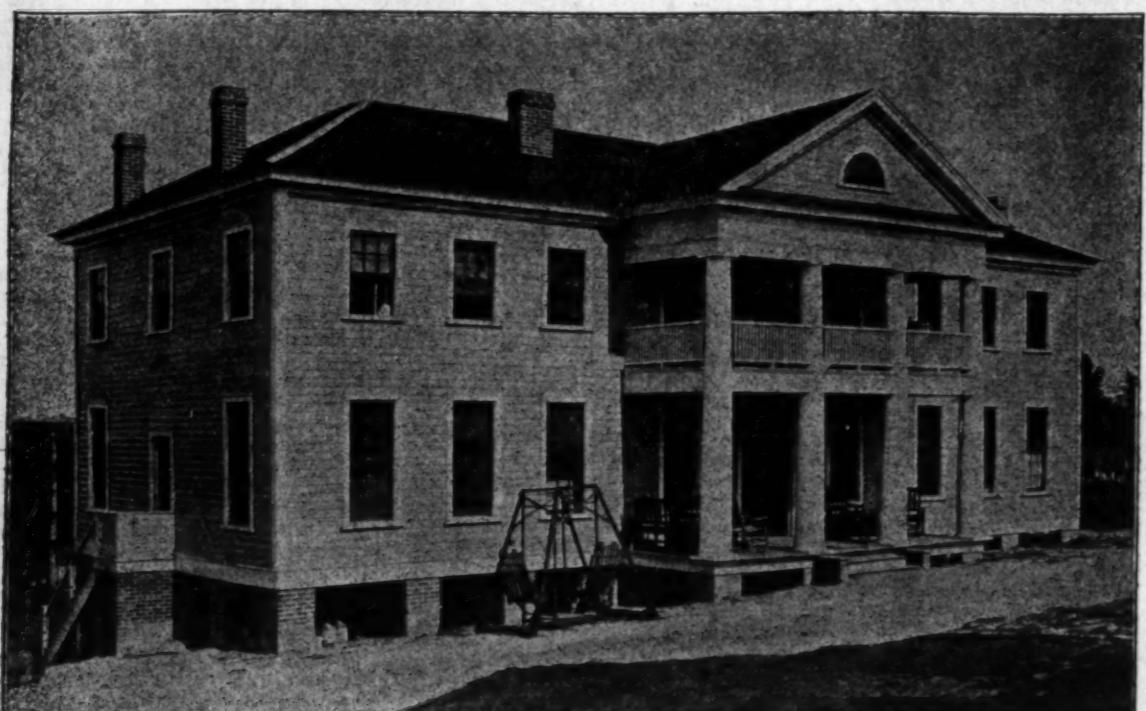
NATIONAL RELIGIOUS TRAINING SCHOOL DURHAM, N. C. ITS BUILDINGS
Dr. J. E. Shepard, President



Avery Auditorium



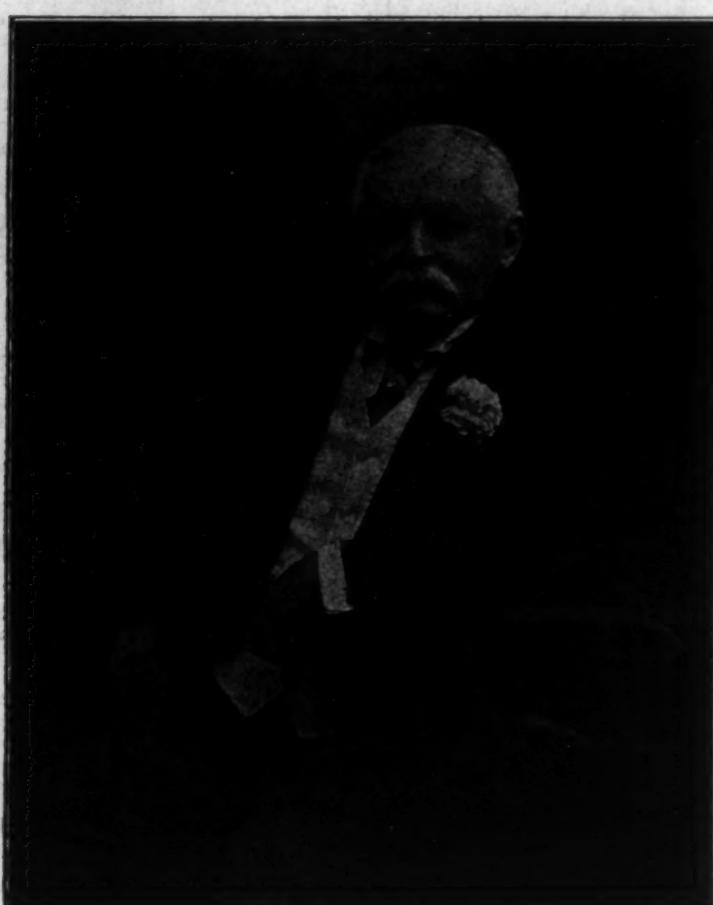
Men's Dormitory



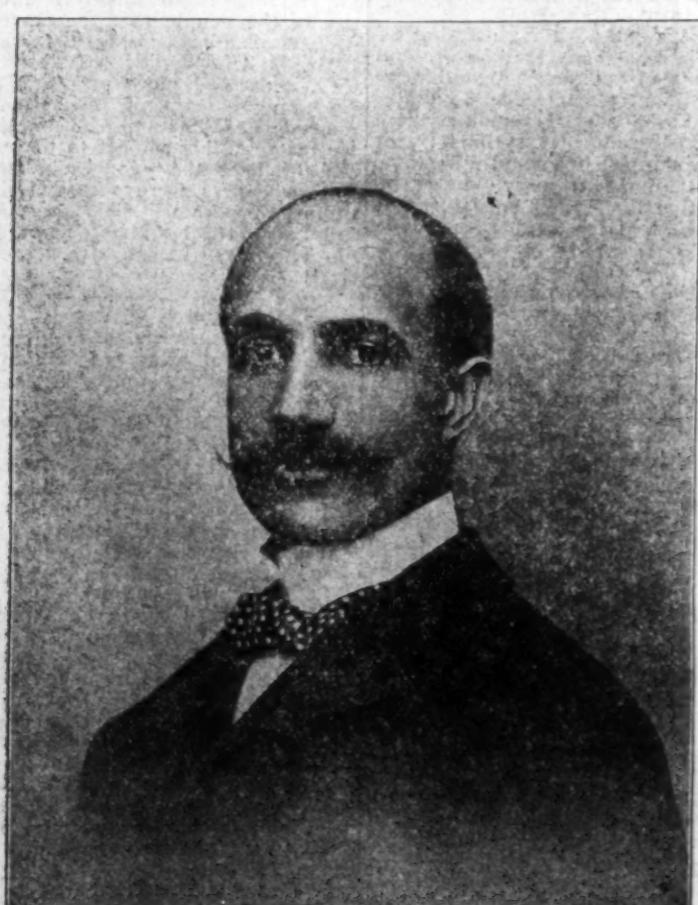
Women's Dormitory



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Written especially for, and respectfully dedicated to Dr. Jas. E. Shepard, President,
The National Religious Training School, and Chautauqua for the
Colored Race, Durham, N. C.

9. *To the front!*

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

MARCH SONG.

F. A. CLARK.

Con spirito.

Tempo di marcia.

1. On to the front! for the
2. Raise high the flag! wave it
3. Courage and Faith see a -

bat - ile day is dawn - ing, Oh, there is need for the
o'er us, ev - er glo - ri - ous, Lead - ing us on, 'tis Truth's
far, the gold - en dawn - ing, Up then and strive!

sold - ier true, Forth to the field! hast - en in life's ear - ly
ban - ner bright, Up! ev - er up! 'till we swell the song vio -
work - er true! Forth to the field! hast - en in life's ear - ly

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Rev. Dr. Shepard, of Durham, N. C.

To the front!—Concluded.

rall.

morn - ing Fields are white to har - vest, Je - sus calls for you, for you.
tor - ious, Lau - rel-crown'd, triumphant, on the mountain height, the height
morn - ing, Fields are white to har - vest, Je - sus calls for you, for you.

CHORUS. FEMALE VOICES.
a tempo.

To the front! our watchword! March - ing on we go!

Truth and Light, win the fight o - ver ev - ry foe.

ALL VOICES.

To the Front! our watch-word, shall for - ev - er be, On - ward

to the fight, with our ban - ners bright, Ours the vic - to - ry.

THE BEE

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DURHAM, N. C.
We desire to call the attention of our readers to the editor's trip to Durham, N. C., last week, which has been put in as simple and as plain a manner as possible, so that the American people can tell for themselves what the colored people in Durham, N. C., are doing. Perhaps there are just two things that we have failed to call the attention of our readers in our correspondence, and these two items are the condition of the white people in East Durham and the condition of the colored people in East Durham. They are on par. While in the central section of the city both races are doing business in a manner that is commendable. That is, they are both doing business alike. Colored men in business are being supported. No man or woman is jealous of the other. The black man and woman of Durham are not jealous of each other. They are unlike the Northern colored man. They believe in helping one another. The white people in Durham, that is, the well-to-do-classes, do all in their power to help the colored people.

We want to call the attention of the country to Gen. J. S. Carr, the banker, and the Dukes, the Daily Herald, Sun, and other enterprises have done much to advance the colored people. The daily press of Durham is extremely fair toward the colored people. We desire to take this occasion to command Mr. W. T. Bost, of the Associated Press, for the liberal space he gave the several exercises of the Durham school.

We want to commend the systematic manner in which the North Carolina Mutual and Provident and the Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Companies are conducted.

We extend to the Durham people, white and colored, our congratulations, and we are glad to personally commend the Dukes for the liberal share of work they are giving colored boys and girls, men and women, in their factories. This firm shows what its appreciation is for the colored race South, and from what we saw and heard, all that is necessary for the colored man and woman to do is to be loyal to their employers, true to themselves, and have a just regard for the laws of health, and we feel confident that colored men and women South will rise above the common level.

What the colored man South needs to do is to continue to do as they are doing. Durham is able to teach all other cities in the South a lesson. "It is a city upon a hill," remarked Mr. Justice Stafford. There is race pride in Durham, and to her fellow-citizens The Bee extends its congratulations and its editor extends thanks for the hospitality shown him.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.
It is always the emasculated pervert who has not contributed anything to the sum total of achievements, and who is unfit and incapable of infusing life into dormancy, who, wearing the cynical, senile grin of deceit, and possessing all the characteristics of the sneaking, roguish cat, like an assassin in the night, attacks its superiors. We say "its," because in this case it is eminently proper to use the neuter gender. It was one of these species of nonentities who held up the International Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. on the street recently, and, with the demeanor of a sly, slick, slimy snake, poured into his ears mischievous, but ineffective, venom.

And this same sly, slick, slimy snake, when it next met, face to face, those upon whom it had spewed its venom, wore the sickly, deceitful smile of a Judas, and spoke with the servility it is capable of. It was one of these aforesaid, and described akin to the offensive, hideous reptile family, who criticised the presence upon the platform at a recent Sunday meeting of the Y. M. C. A. of men whom the records of the Y. M. C. A. show have contributed liberally to the new Y. M. C. A. building; men who have given frequently of their time, talents and money to push forward the good and grand Y. M. C. A. work. But it—the snake—reckoned without its host. The International Secretary is too high and lofty, too broad and sincere, too deeply interested in his work for God and man, to lend ear or countenance to backbiting or the vaporings of reptiles.

The Y. M. C. A. officials and members will tell you that they have no apologies to offer for having invited to the platform Sunday men who have done, and are doing now something for the race, the Y. M. C. A., and for humanity. Upon that platform there was not a single colored man but who has contributed liberally to the Y. M. C. A. movement, both of time, talents and purse. But the slimy, deceitful ingrate who moves with a suggestion of an Uriah Heap and a snake; whose lying tongue and envious backbiting bespeak the foulness of its motives and the ingratitude of its makeup, and who happened not to be invited to the platform, has contributed not one farthing to the Y. M. C. A., as the records will show. But why spaciate upon known deceit and the reptile family? By that low, mean criticism the snake impaled itself upon its own poinard. And its vaporings may be likened to the light that failed.

MERITORIOUS ACTION.
While Judge Robert H. Terrell was in Tuskegee last week to deliver the commencement address at Tuskegee Institute, the trustees of Howard University met and elected him, by an overwhelming vote, a member of the Law School faculty. In conferring this honor the trustee board honored the university's alumnus, and showed appreciation of the Judge's splendid record on the bench. The loyalty of such men as Dr. Francis, Dr. Mooreland, and Dr. Purvis, who are members of the trustee board, who, with the staunch support of the white trustees, made his selection possible, cannot be praised too highly. Our first duty is to aid our own. These men performed their duty, and well.

Another meritorious act of the board was the advancing, upon the recommendation of Dr. Thirkield, Prof. Just to the position of Associate Professor. Prof. Just's work has earned for him this advancement. He's a splendid type of the modestly aggressive, progressive young man. And still another action on the part of the trustee board that calls for our commendation, and the commendation of the Howard alumnus, was the election of Hon. J. C. Napier, Register of the Treasury, to be a member of the trustee board. The Bee notes with pride and with favor this work of Howard's trustees.

J. DOUGLAS WETMORE.
That was a manly letter of J. Douglas Wetmore, published last week, in which he explained the necessary delay in bringing Dr. Washington's assailant to trial, and in which he incidentally but forcibly censured carpenter critics of the Doctor. There are a class of lazy, shiftless, work-divorced negroes who imagine they are doing something when they criticize Dr. Washington or suggest improper conduct on his part. The men who do this are men whose own lives are either a tissue of lies or shredded immorality. The man without visible support, and the man who has failed to accomplish something in life is not worth one's while to listen to. Mr. Wetmore has deftly but none the less effectively thrust the dagger of silence under the fifth rib of such men. But J. Douglas Wetmore can always be relied upon to be open, frank and manly; even when he is with you, and fair and square when against you. And we respect him for it.

Be cool.
Even when it's hot.
What's the use of being jealous?

Webster's definition of an ingrate is "an ungrateful person." That's good as far as it goes, but

it does not go far enough.

Curs will bark, and vice dogs will snap, but both are harmless.

Life's one long, sweet song to the fellow who knows how to take it, but to the man who cannot grab or reach the hanging strap of success life is one long, frightful nightmare. It's a sweet song with

Smarts Under Them.
From Charlotte, N. C., Daily Observer, May 24.

One of the noted colored men of the race attending the exercises is Editor W. Calvin Chase, of Washington, who edits The Bee. He is not accustomed to seeing things that don't exist or to growing unbecoming gay when he does see them, for he smarts under the glaring mistreatment of men of his race in localities where greatest friendship is assiduously proclaimed in theory, but denied in fact. Of the conditions here, he finds no complaint and said last night: "I think the white people here treat the colored people grandly." He is here to see the school and to watch the work of the two races.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES AT HARMONY CEMETERY.

Interesting Addresses, Music and Other Features—M. C. Maxfield Speaks.

There were several hundred people at Harmony Cemetery Tuesday. The Grand Army of the Republic, under the auspices of Charles Sumner Post No. 9, Benjamin Young, Commander, assisted by the First Separate Battalion, Maj. Arthur Brooks, commanding, Rear Admiral Charles M. Thomas, Camp No. 9, U. S. V. V.; Gen. Guy V. Henry Garrison No. 9, Frank Coolman, and others participated in the ceremonies Tuesday.

Commander Young delivered a very touching and eloquent opening address. He reviewed briefly the work of the Grand Army and what the soldiers did in the War of the Rebellion and why the 30th of May was designated as Memorial Day. The junior choir of the Metropolitan Church, under the direction of Prof. W. G. Braxton, rendered music. Reading of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and solo, were the next features of the occasion.

Mr. M. C. Maxfield was the next speaker introduced. He made the principal address. He reviewed eloquently the valor of the colored soldier. He paid an eloquent tribute to the Generals and Commander Young. The address of Mr. Maxfield was full of history. For one hour and 15 minutes he held his audience. He said in part:

"We have assembled this day to commemorate the death of those who are buried in these sacred grounds. These brave heroes died for a cause which has been made perpetual by an act of Congress and which shall ever be held sacred as long as life lasts. The liberty which we enjoy to-day cannot be appreciated by this generation. We have no idea of its value or worth. In yonder graves your ancestors lie asleep. If they could but speak, what a story could they tell or a tale unfold. The hands that placed them are not. I don't believe, among the living. They, too, are asleep in some silent tomb. When the true history of these noble braves shall be truthfully written, your boys whose faces beam with delight will read the story of the historians, and hesitate for a moment and say to themselves, we live in a Republic which cost thousands of lives to maintain. This is a sad moment in the history of our Republic. The Constitution that governs us was sustained by the sword and the bayonet. The black soldier played an important part, and as an evidence of their valor look at yonder graves. This is an hour of sadness. This is an hour to extol the virtue, the valor and the bravery of those who fought for a cause which has made us free and independent citizens. It is the duty of our Government then to support the widows of the fallen braves. I love this flag and this country. We have but one flag and one country, no matter what the conditions are. Our fathers, sons and brothers, although dead, are part of this country. The memory of these dead heroes will forever be emblazoned on the scroll of fame, and when that scroll shall be opened, the merits and demerits of the participants of the late War of the Rebellion should be counted, the black soldiers will be numbered among them. I am actuated by a feeling of pride. I am happy when I know that we have played our part, and this generation is doing its whole duty on an occasion like this."

He was followed by Mr. R. E. Torry, who prefaced his two poems with a short eloquent address. His first poem was on the American Flag, and his second poem was the black soldier. He was applauded throughout the delivery of his address and poems.

Mr. W. Calvin Chase was the next speaker who delivered a short address.

To the Public.
(In reference to article by J. Fraiser Richards).

I, the daughter of the late G. W. Barnes, who departed this life June 9, 1908, wish to rectify the article in the issue of The Bee May 27, 1911. I want to say that my mother not I have never been and are not now dependent on any one for assistance, as stated in the paper, but as my father was a true and valiant servant to the late Gen. U. S. Grant, and that through him, probably Gen. Grant's life was saved in the assassination of President Lincoln, my mother would be very glad for any action that Congress would make, as also mentioned in article referred to in regards for a pension, as my father was also a soldier, but never pensioned. The relics of the late Gen. Grant, as was mentioned, if wanted for any institution, I will be very glad to be interviewed concerning said.

Very respectfully,
(MRS.) NELLIE WASHINGTON,
1454 N Street, Northwest.

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

It was back in 1896, I believe, at St. Louis, when Whittie McKinley became a National character. In that year Whittie assumed the responsibility of nominating the late Senator Allison for President. Whittie spluttered and fumed around the hotels of St. Louis, imploring every one to vote for "what-you-call-um," but all his powers of persuasion, and all the freckles in his salad-colored face couldn't turn the trick. Then Whittie returned to Washington, and ever since, backed by a constituency consisting of himself and Whittie McKinley, he has been telling various Presidents just what their duties consist of, who they should appoint, and who they should blackball. And the real joke of it is that he actually believes that the Presidents have followed his advice. If a man is appointed, and Whittie hears of it in the newspapers, he tells it all around that he turned the trick, and he believes it himself. If a man is turned down, Whittie can tell you exactly how he, single handed and alone, accomplished it. He claims everything with confidence. The only thing that Whittie is known not to claim is responsibility for that old bank failure. Whittie draws the line on that accomplishment. And I guess he is right. I had about \$56 dollars in that old bank when she breathed her last, and it's there yet. When the thing was fresh many of us who had a little deposit in the bank, and those of us who owed the bank long over due notes, which we were tickled to death to be relieved of, heaped a lot of blame on McKinley. But if there is man who came clean out of that bank it was Whittie McKinley. He was an actual, and a heavy loser. If it had not been for paying up debts, the result of that bank failure, and for which the courts relieved him, Whittie would be riding around this old berg in a French-made touring car, and be living swell on Easy Street, right around the corner from Millionaire Avenue. In business he is a shrewd little mess of freckles, and sometimes I think he is a distant relative of the Einstines. Whittie is a resident of South Carolina, when he gets to talking about what votes he can control, but ordinarily, and in reality, he is a resident of Washington, and if he lived a few blocks further he would be over in Virginia. He's Collector of Customs now, but just how he put it over the boys and landed this plum, I have not been able to find out, but he landed all right. I used to borrow money, occasionally, from Whittie, when I was a single fellow, and thought I was in society here, and he always accommodated me. He was the most accommodating fellow about lending I know of, when you paid the toll, and he never was particular how big the toll was. If it had not been for the Spanish-American war, which sent stocks tumbling down, and that mournful dream—the Capitol Savings Bank, McKinley would be a very rich man, and they say he is fast getting on his feet again, and if things break right during the next two or three years, he will be moving towards Easy Street. As a politician Whittie thinks he's the best ever. Some people are awfully mistaken at times, and McKinley is one of those. He is an awfully game fighter, holds on with a sort of bulldog tenacity, and he's a mighty loyal friend. But it is better that a minstrel show to listen to him tell how he did everything, from making the world to electing Presidents and picking Cabinet officers. And the funny thing about it is, he's just semi-conscious enough to believe it. But old "what-you-call-um" is not a bad stag at making a man. In fact, the freckled-faced South Carolinian, who, like the rest of the tribe from that State, think themselves better than any people on earth, is a credit to his race. But if Whittie would only forget that he is not a Warwick, we might reside in the same city with him, at least comfortably. But the critter won't forget. His dad never taught him that word.

"Mr. President," I exclaimed, and a deathlike silence shrouded the White House. Even then that Senator Stephenson donated to the President stopped chewing her cud, for fear of making a noise. "I arise to nominate the only, real proper man to represent this country at Port au Prince." President Taft looked up from his desk in amazement and surprise. When he caught his senses he softly remarked, "Mr. Sage, proceed." "The proper man for Haiti should be one who feels himself capable of being a diplomat." Overcome with this information, the President was speechless for a few moments. On recovering his powers of articulation, he arose from his gilded chair and said: "Mr. Sage, I have applications from an even hundred proper men, and each mail brings additional proper men. Up to date every applicant has been a colored man, and up to date every one has availed himself of the fact that he felt himself fully capable to be a Minister to Haiti."

I might have known that every fellow feels himself capable to draw that \$10,000 per annum. It was rumored the Rialto the past week that Dr. Tunnell, too, was a candidate. Well, he would not be bad. In fact, there are many colored men who, if given a chance, would make a crackerjack Minister. Dr. Furness simply developed. Any man with a good education, grit, and character, can develop. Washington, counting Dr. Tunnell, has three candidates, and you would not make a failure if you selected either of the three.

Another rumor that came floating down the Rialto last week was that the selection of a Minister was all in the air; that a man, if he felt disposed, could enter the list now and have an equal chance with the rest. The only ones who are barred are the lily-whites. If you have a complexion that ranges from a cocoanut brown to a blue black, you are eligible. But complexions of the Cy Adams, or Bruce Evans sort, are barred from entry. A lot of fellows, hoping that lightning might strike them, are

brushing up on their outlawed French. Judge Terrell has been speaking French for a week. Jim Cobb, having originated in the swamps of Louisiana, near New Orleans, said he used to speak a patois that was near French, and he is practicing on that old stuff. Walter and Bis Pinchback are brushing up on their New Orleans French. Prof. Leyton is singing a few French songs, now, just for practice. Dr. Sumner Wormley, every time a patient enters his studio to have a molar saturated with cocaine, always, greets them with "Folly pour Francois?" and Harry Cardozo, now that the candidate fever has struck Howard Hill, is talking a jargon to all the Freedmen's patients which he calls pure French. Will Houston went home the other evening and surprised his wife by asking her in French, to pass him the pie at dinner. If ever Will lands that Haitian mission, he will bring up a delegation of revolutionists to the next B. M. C. that will handle the steam roller in a way to make the handlers at the last B. M. C. look like the dirty dozen bound for the Island of St. Helena. And if Will should go, he would jolly those Haitians into electing him Grandmaster for life. As a jester, Will holds the Hague medal. The other day when I passed the kiosk down on the avenue, I saw 15 or 20 Hamites surrounding it, and when I asked, "What's the excitement?" they answered in chorus: "We are figuring out how hot it is, and trying to determine how much hotter it is in Haiti. Are you candidates?" I murmured. "No," each one answered, "I've got the job cinched." And every one of them looked good, "when far away," for the job. Dr. Vernon is still West, they say, with his ear to the ground, and in the meantime is sending a few endorsements by special delivery. It wouldn't surprise me if Dr. Hurst, being a Haitian himself, wouldn't have a few words to say as to who will be the next Minister to Haiti. In the meantime, rumor says, Kelly Miller is within speaking distance of the job.

find that the people are quite religious in this section, and they believe in Churches.

I attended the church of Rev. Shepard. It is a fine structure. Rev. Shepard has a peculiar method in questioning young converts. They are real good Christians; they are held responsible for the falsehoods they tell. I never saw so many young folks in my life who profess the Christian religion. Since the addition to the church, which was made by my friend Pittman, it gives the church a fine appearance. Rev. Shepard is a practical man. He doesn't believe in foolishness, and he never visits his members until they are sick. He is a careful man, and is loved by all who know him. I would not want to be treated better than I am being treated in Durham. The largest social function given was by Mr. C. C. Spaulding, Thursday afternoon, May 25, at his beautiful residence, 1006 Fayette Street, on which occasion Rev. John R. Ford, Messrs. John Merrick, C. C. Spaulding, McCrory, Drs. Shepard, Moore, and your humble servant were present. Mrs. Spaulding was host. It was a most delicious dinner to the invited guests.

Now I shall leave you for a few moments and go in the west end of Durham. In this section you will find white mill hands and mills with white employees. These mill hands live in small one-story houses. There are no colored people in this section.

In the eastern section, south of the railroad, you will find colored Americans from one day old to 95 years. There are about 100 or 150 families. Upon every porch and in every door you will see young babies thick as mushrooms. I want to say to my friends in the North that Dr. Shepard is doing a great work for his people. He has the confidence and respect of every citizen in North Carolina. His greatest friend in Durham and the man who is doing so much for the elevation of the colored race in the South is Gen. Julian N. Carr, to whom Justice Stafford touchingly referred to in his speech May 25. Gen. Carr is an ex-Confederate and a banker. I am told that he said among other things in a speech in the Avey auditorium that he was glad that the day had come to enable him to do his duty to a race that had been wronged. This distinguished Southerner, like the Dukes, will forever be held in high esteem by the Southern colored people. All of these men have sympathetic hearts and are liberal to the unfortunate colored Americans. I regret that time will not permit to go further South. I have been invited to leave here for Tuskegee, but I cannot. I would like to see for myself the condition of the colored race further South. I have just received a letter from my sister also to come to Abbeville and see for myself the progress of the Southern colored man. I wish that I had the time. I can say this much, however, that the Southern colored man can teach the Northern brother something that will benefit them. I am proud of the Southern colored man and his advancement. I realize that fact, that the Southern white man is satisfied if the colored man works and does his duty. The white people of Durham are working hand in hand with the colored American. In Durham the white man is kind to him. The speech of Dr. W. Pew, president of Trinity College, Durham, N. C., demonstrated his love for the colored man South in his speech Tuesday evening, May 23. He paid a high compliment to Dr. Booker T. Washington. He compared Dr. Du Bois with Dr. Washington, and repudiated the doctrine of the latter. In another report I shall tell you of the commencement exercises and Judge Stafford's great speech.

W. C. C.

EX-GOV. PINCHBACK SPEAKS.

He Addressed the Forum.

Paterson, N. J., May 29.

The Sunday Afternoon Forum of Paterson, N. J., which meets regularly in the C. M. A. Hall, has had two of the most successful of its meetings, on the two Sundays past. On Sunday, May 21, we had as our speaker, ex-Gov. P. B. S. Pinchback, formerly of Louisiana, now of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Pinchback discussed the advantages of the race and its people, and pointed out to them in order to obtain that which is due us, united effort, on our part is essential. The hall was packed to the doors, and there were people who were unable to obtain even admission for standing room, and it is the desire of the people that the Governor will soon address us again.

Mr. H. H. Harrison, of New York City, addressed our Forum on Sunday, May 28, and he chose as his topic, "The Function of Complaint." He mastered his subject to perfection and he kept the people spellbound. Both speakers were preceded by a literary program, which was carefully arranged by Miss Jennie Maupin and Mrs. Joseph Green, respectively.

Invitation to Speak.

Cambridge, Mass.—Announcement is made that Harvard Union, the largest and most popular of Harvard University student organizations, has extended an invitation to Booker T. Washington, of the Tuskegee Institute, to speak to the students of the University in November coming. The list of those invited to speak before the Union during the coming year is unusually large and representative.

No Disorder.



The lure of Spring is bringing hundreds of happy promenaders along the popular Fourteenth street thoroughfare, and as usual, they fall in at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912½ Fourteenth street, "the place where everybody meets everybody else," or you see them enjoying those delicious sodas at Ninth and You streets, the popular "Lookout Corner" of Board & McGuire.

Mrs. Mary A. Parker, the M. W. G. C. of the Grand Household of Ruth, was in New Haven, Conn., a few days this week.

Dr. J. Francis Johnson was in Jersey City last week.

Miss Watts was the guest of Mrs. Lula Costin during her visit to Hartford, Conn., last week on business.

Mr. A. Walker, of Union University, spent several days in this city last week with his brothers and friends.

Mr. H. Lee Shipley, of Baltimore, was the guest of Mr. James Williams during his visit to this city.

Dr. Jones, a recent dental graduate of Howard University, was in Baltimore last week to the Maryland State Board examination.

Mr. George M. Atkinson, who has been visiting relatives and friends here, has returned to his home in Baltimore.

Miss Minnie B. Wilson spent a very pleasant week end in Baltimore.

Mrs. Bertha McKeney Reid has returned to this city after a very pleasant stay in Baltimore, Md., as the guest of Mrs. Minnie Garrett, of Division Street.

At a recent dance given by some of the three highest classes of the M Street High School at the home of Miss Elsie Newman, 410 E Street Southeast, there were present Misses Ray and Thelma Adams, Josephine and Nellie Washington, Ella Thompson, Beatrice Cooper, Pearl Flagg, Josie Browne, Marietta Kirby, Claudia Smoot, Rosebud and Elsie Newman and Messrs. Cato Adams, John White, Nat Brown, Welleye and Charles Marshall, Mullen, Morrison, Stevens, Smoot, Valentine, Locksley, Waters and Harrod.

Dr. J. W. Morse has the gem drug store in the northwest. Prescriptions carefully compounded by registered clerks.

Mr. and Mrs. Jordon of New York City, are the guests of Mrs. Emma Dillard, at 1612 Corcoran Street.

Mrs. Mary S. Oliver, of this city, is the guest of her daughter, Miss M. E. Oliver, during her stay in Richmond, Va.

Messrs. J. B. and A. Walker left the city this week for New York City where they will spend the summer.

Mr. Walter S. Savoy, Jr., has gone to Manhattan Beach for the summer. Dr. D. Webster Davis, of Richmond, Va., lectured in our city this week.

Mrs. Josephine Christine and her daughter, Miss Ernestine, of Richmond, Va., are the guests of Mrs. Eva Mundin.

Mrs. S. Lawrence has returned to New York City after filling a two weeks' engagement at the Minnehaha Theater.

Miss Ella Cheeks, of Norfolk, Va., is the guest of her aunt in this city.

There are to be many marriages among Washington society this month.

Mr. James Ryan, of Charlotte, N. C., is in the city.

Messrs. George Gibson and Theodore Jones, of Charlotte, N. C., are in the city.

Dr. Morse has the finest assortment of candies and toilet articles that can be purchased anywhere in the city.

The marriage of Mr. James Wood to Miss Roberta Scott at Miles Memorial Church, Third Street, between K and L Streets, Northwest, on Wednesday, May 24, was attended by a large number of friends. The bride was attired in a becoming gown of brocaded satin, also the usual bridal veil, fastened with orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were Misses Sabrina Scott and Beulah Scott, sisters of the bride. The best man was Mr. David Scott. Flower girls, the Misses Mary Perry and Gretchen Posey. Ring Bearer, Master Warren Scott. The reception followed at the home of the bride's parents on New Jersey Avenue, Northwest, where a bountiful wedding supper of the best of the season was served, Mr. William Perry, the well-known caterer, being in charge.

They received many presents of substantial worth and usefulness, a goodly number from out of town friends.

Mr. Wood is from Jonesville, S. C., and is a well known employee of the C. & O. service. Miss Scott is a Washington girl of an old and respected family. After a brief stay in New York City, they will be at home, 1032 New Jersey Avenue, Northwest. Rev. L. E. R. Rosser performed the marriage ceremony.

Don't pass Morse's Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L Streets northwest.

Mr. H. A. Allen, of Howard University Medical School, left this week for Buffalo, N. Y.

Prof. Kelly Miller, Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, Howard University, lectured at the Calvary Baptist Church, Louisville, Ky., yes-

Harris, Rosa Williams, Victoria Williams, Estella Clifford, Lucy Lewis, Ruth Johnson, Helen Johnson, Jettie Lee, Josephine Carroll, Mrs. Robert Ashton, Mrs. Sarah Harris, Mr. and Mrs. George Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hewlett and Ralph W. Hewlett.

The congregation of the First Baptist Church, in their recent rally, presented to the trustees the following amounts by Circles:

A. Miss Sadie Gaskins, \$201.50; B. Mrs. Araminta Harod, \$215.52; C. Mr. J. B. Walker, \$57.70; D. Mrs. Lucy Dunmore, \$51.34; E. Miss Anna Earey, \$244.11; F. Miss Annie Lowery, \$55.50; G. Mr. F. E. Smothers, \$107.25; H. Mr. E. Williams, \$28; I. Pastor and deacons, \$171.13; J. Mr. Chas. Lain, \$18.70; K. Mr. J. Lawson, \$16.15; L. Mr. Thornton Kidrick, \$57.69; M. C. E. Society, \$35.10; N. Mr. Frank Thompson, \$34; O. Junior C. E. Society, \$10; Mrs. Martha Harris, \$30.11; Rev. E. E. Ricks, pastor; Joseph E. Smothers, clerk.

Ascension Day Services at Mt. Zion M. E. Church, 29th Street, Northwest.

Ascension day services Thursday May 28, 1911, under the auspices of Henderson Commandery, No. 2, K. T. was observed. The Rev. and Sir Knight Benj. F. Watson, D. D., preached the sermon, which was pronounced to be one of the most eloquent sermons delivered to the Knights in this jurisdiction. The several Commanderies, under their respective officers, with its brilliant uniforms, presented an imposing scene as they filed into the church. A committee of ladies, with Mrs. E. Fisher, Miss Mary Walker, Miss Emma Williams and others, after the exercises in the main auditorium, invited the guests to the lecture room, where covers were laid for 150. The Ascension Committee were Wm. W. Walker, chairman; Wm. G. Smith, secretary; Simon C. Burnett, A. J. Gaskins, George W. Jones, James A. Aden, Herbert Lancaster, J. Edward Olden, Wm. S. Anderson and R. L. Gray. The music was furnished by the choir of Mt. Zion M. E. Church, Mr. J. T. Beason, director, Louis N. Brown, organist.

The Sting of The Bee has caused a new directory board to be placed on the Mt. Zion M. E. Church.

Mr. R. J. Holmes, a prominent citizen and dealer in coal oil, met with a serious accident last week by the upsetting of his cart. While still ill, he is said to be convalescent.

Mr. James L. Turner, of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, is spending a few days with his son, Mr. J. F. Turner, of Baltimore, during his vacation.

Whist Party.

A whist party was given by Mr. J. Sherman Hunnicutt last Monday evening. The evening was spent in whist and refreshments. Those present were Messrs. George Sydnor, Joe Douglas, William Hawkins, Archie Ray, N. Cox, Jim Chestnut, J. Reed Roundtree, Haley, Ross, N. Nesbit, K. F. Phillips, E. L. Burns, W. Calvin Chase, Jr., W. B. Anderson, J. Sherman Hunnicutt, W. P. Bayless, W. C. Hunnicutt.

Everybody meets everybody else

like to deal at the drug stores of Board & McGuire at 1912½ Fourteenth street northwest and at Ninth and U Streets northwest, two places "where everybody meets everybody."

The monthly Christian Endeavor Conference was held at the Third Baptist Church, corner Fifth and Q Streets, Northwest, last Monday evening. The following program was rendered:

Rev. James H. Lee, pastor Third Baptist Church, will lead the devotional exercise.

Mr. Silas James, chorister Third Baptist C. E. Society, will lead the music.

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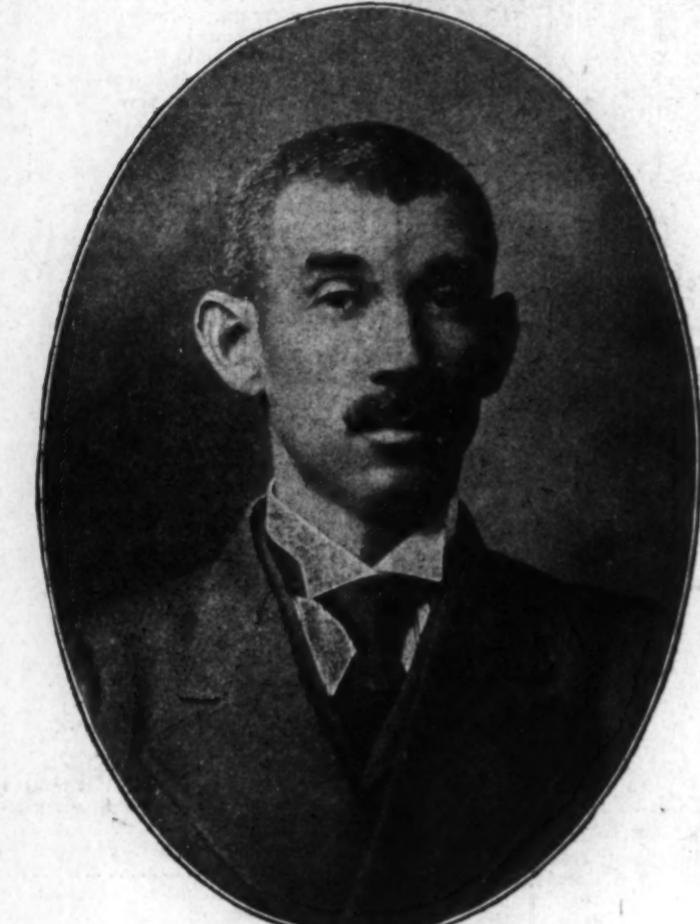
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The North Carolina Mutual and Provident Association



John Merrick, Pres. and Founder



A. M. Moore, Sec. and Treas.



C. C. Spaulding, V Pres and Gen. Mgr.



J. M. Avery, Director



E. R. Merrick, Director



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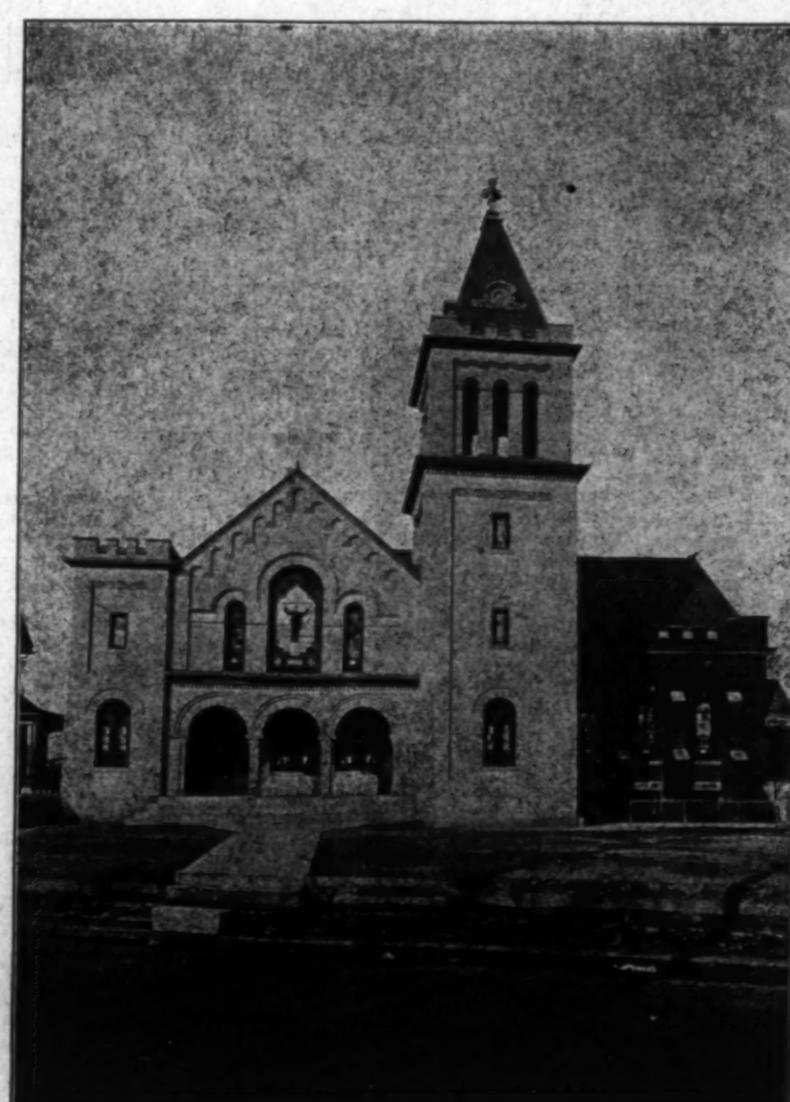
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White Rock Baptist Church, Rev. Shepard, Pastor

A Gastroscopic Joy.

Of all the superb viands which, by their great variety and unique collection, make Maryland the Eden and Arcadia of every man who loves good eating, the planked shad is probably the most powerful and poignant in its appeal to the senses. The wild duck, though it sets the palate to vibrating like an ascelian harp, has no thrill for the eye. It is a small and unlovely kind of a dull color and ungracious outline. So, too, the diamond back terrapin. It has no more beauty in death than a plate of soap. And certain other exquisite delicacies, for all their sweetmell, do not soothe the sense of smell. Of such are the raw oyster, the boiled hard crab and the Magog river oysters. But the planked shad—ah, here we come to a delicacy which enchanteth us alike through the eyes, the palate and the nose! As it comes upon the table it has the imperial dignity of a Charlemagne. Its noble head moves one to reverence; the epicycloid curve of its tail is like the curl of a great comb upon a coral beach. And it radiates a perfume as of Araby.—Baltimore Sun.

Water Under Deserts.

Some of the most curious phenomena of the world are the underground water supplies beneath deserts. In the Rajputana deserts water is held in vast quantities in sandstone beds under the scorched surface and is drawn up from wells sunk into the strata. Bikaner raises its wells in the midst of a weary, almost nameless waste of sand and depends on these hidden cisterns for its very existence. Whence it comes, where is the outfall and what quantity runs under the baked sand remain a mystery. In one well at Bikaner it has been ascertained that the water supply is equal to 30,000 gallons an hour, which is held to point to the conclusion that there is an enormous subterranean flow and that the snow fed rivers of the Himalayas must be the source. People in Bikaner say that pieces of wood dropped into one well have come up in another. The idea of an underground river opens up a wide range of possibilities to the imagination.—Times of India.

Dashing into Danger.

"When I was younger," a big Broadway traffic cop remarked, "I used to cuss at everybody who insisted on dashing across the street in front of a car or truck. I cuss the act still, but not the person. Fact is, I've learned that a majority of people just can't help it. An approaching vehicle about to cross their path is like a red rag to a bull. It's a sort of challenge, a dare. And the impulse to defeat its purpose can't be controlled. There isn't any plan of action. It's a case of dash first and think afterward, and sometimes, of course, the thinking is done in a hospital.

"It's a sort of disease of the nerves, I guess, because the head of a business house will do this fool thing just as quick as his errand boy will. But the cop and the driver are to blame whenever there's a miscalculation.—New York Globe.

Fensed In.

Near Harvard square, in Cambridge, stands the old elm under which Washington first took command of the American army. Around this tree is an iron picket fence inclosure perhaps a couple of rods across. One night a man who had imbibed too freely stumbled against this circular fence. Grasping one picket after another, he groped his way painfully round and round the outside of the inclosure about a dozen times. Finally he sank down in utter despair. "Oh, ain't it awful-fenced in and no gate to get out of it!" said he as a party of students rescued him and took him home.—National Monthly.

A Memory of Edwin Booth.

My season with Edwin Booth was delightful. I found him one of the kindest and pleasantest men of the profession. He also possessed what I consider a great quality—simplicity of manner. Some stars have the idea that it is necessary to be haughty and inaccessible with the members of their companies. They put on airs. They like to crush their fellow actors and pose as a kind of divinity before them.—From Mme. Modjeska's "Memoirs" in Century.

A Story of Robespierre.

The story is told of Robespierre that at one time when at the height of his power a lady called upon him, beseeching him to spare her husband's life. He scornfully refused. As she turned away she happened to tread upon the paw of his pet dog. He turned upon her and asked, "Madam, have you no humanity?"

On the Safe Side.

"May I see my father's record?" asked the new student. "He was in the class of '77."

"Certainly, my boy. What for?"

"He told me when I left home not to disgrace him, sir, and I wish to see just how far I can go."—Buffalo Express.

The Advantages.

Tenant—Look here, that house I took from you is extremely damp. House Agent (bluntly)—Well, don't you see the great advantage of that? If it gets on fire it won't burn.

Right and Wrong.

Things should not be done by halves. If it is right, do it boldly; if it is wrong, leave it undone. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day.

A really great man is known by three signs—generosity in the design, humanity in the execution and moderation in success.—Bismarck.

Happiness in Sleep.

I saw once how like sleep was to life in the deep waters. A man who to my waking eyes looked cold and stony and rugged sat upon one of the benches on the embankment. He was sleeping, and I knew from his face that then at least he did not count himself miserable. But presently a polka-dot came and shook the sleeper into waking life. Then all the violence of the world seemed to be let loose upon the weak of a man. He shook and shuddered and his eyes and breathes with heavy spasms. It was just as when a fish is caught out of the depth of the sea and suddenly cast into a bucket. I have seen mackerel shake and gasp like this poor man suddenly swept up out of the native depths of sleep. Or if you think that a fish thus dying is only an amusing and not a painful sight then think of what it might be if some giant of fable could catch us up out of our native air into the spaces between the stars. Would we not willingly sink back again into the depth of air? So it is when the loud world lets us glide down into sleep.—London Outlook.

His Name in the Directory.

"One funny thing I have learned about human nature," said the drug store cashier, "is the habit many people have of marking their own names in the city directory. They do that because the directory is the only place where their names ever get into print, and it has such a fascination for them that they can't resist calling attention to it. A funny old man who likes to talk tells me that he has made special trips to different parts of the city just to mark his name in the directories of the neighborhood. He puts a little cross in red ink before it. I asked him what good it did. He said none possibly, although he is a teacher of languages and may get a few calls on account of that queer advertisement. But his is an exceptional case. Not many persons spend time and money hunting city directories, but every time they happen to see a new one they can't help looking up their names and putting some kind of a mark around them."—New York Sun.

Mansfield's Coaching.

"Richard Mansfield," said an actress who played in his company, "was a great teacher, but terribly relentless. I shall never forget a time when I was playing with him in 'The First Violin.' I could not strive frantically as I would to do the thing he wanted. He was gentle at first, and then, persisting in my failure, he began to lash and whip and sting me with his words until I thought I should have to run away. In agony of importunate desperation I cried out:

"I cannot! Oh, I cannot!"

"Mr. Mansfield threw up his hands in a gesture of relief, and a smile played about his lips.

"Why," he said sweetly, "you're doing the very thing right now. No one on earth could do it better." And then I knew what he meant, and those lines were a triumph to me all that season."—Detroit Free Press.

Walking.

The Almighty has not freighted the foot with a single superfluous part. Every inch of every foot is meant for use. When a man walks in the right way, speaking literally, the back of the heel strikes the ground first. Then the rest of the heel comes down, after which the outer edge of the foot takes the bulk of the burden until the forward movement shifts the weight to the ball of the foot and finally to the toes. The ideal step is a slightly rocking motion. At no time should the entire foot be pressed against the ground. Heel to toe is the movement. Try it and see how much farther and more easily you can walk. It's the Indian's way, and what poor Lo doesn't know about footwork can go into the diseased.—New York Press.

A Lesson With His Autograph.

An admirer once wrote to Lowell describing his autograph collection and concluding with the remark, "I would be much obliged for your autograph." The reply came, bearing with it a lesson on the correct use of the words "would" and "should," which deeply impressed itself on the mind of the recipient. The response read:

Please do not say hereafter, "I would be obliged if you would be obliged, to oblige and be done with it." Say, "I should be obliged," and oblige yours truly, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A Remodeled Text.

"Perhaps you could preach us a sermon about the condition of things in our town," says the resident pastor to the visiting one. "Saloons, gambling houses and the like run wild open all the time, and the officers pay no attention to them."

"Yes," agrees the visitor, "I might take as my text, 'There's no arrest for the wicked.' "—Judge.

Grace Before Meats.

Who Ruth admires a woman according to her weight. Who Ruth can respect a 300 pound woman, but it is only a 200 or 400 pound one that he can really love. We enlightened persons, on the other hand, have been taught to like grace before meat.—Chicago Tribune.

Made a Noise.

"He didn't win the prize in the 5000, did he?"

"No, but he hollowed 'em so bad, and some people died envyin' of him."—Allstate Collection.

Armed For Peace.

White—Will your disbursement meeting finish late? Husband—Yes, about midnight, I expect. But don't be angry. I shall have my revolver.—Miss Weston.

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Every lady can have a beautiful and brilliant head of hair if she uses The Magic. It is a shampoo or bath that straightens the curliest head of hair.

The Magic will not burn or injure the hair, because the comb is never heated. The steel heating bar is easily removed, put into the flame of the alcohol or gas burner.

The Almondine Comb is easily removed from the heating bar, after the hair is heated.

The Magic Heater is also suitable for curling irons, has a cover, and can be heated in a hair bag. Magic Shampoo Drier \$1.00. Magic Alcohol Heater \$0.50. Liberal terms to agents. Write for literature today.

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Does it smooth out easily?
Can you do it up in any of the charming styles, so it will stay, and make you proud of it?
Is it long and full of life?
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Your hand will keep clean. The roots of your hair will have the necessary amount of oil. You will never have scalp disease. You will be delighted with its delicate perfume.

Nelson's Hair Dressing is put up in handsome four-ounce squeeze bottles, like the lady holds in her hand. Druggists and agents everywhere sell it at 25 cents a box. If you can't get it, send us 30 cents and we will mail you a full size box postage paid. Go and try it now, or sit right down and write us. Address

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ENGLAND'S LIGHTHOUSES.

The Seven Districts Are Controlled by
a Board Known as the
"Elder Brethren."

The lighthouse service of England is controlled by a board composed of thirteen "elder brethren." When a vacancy occurs one of the "younger brethren" is selected by the "elder brethren" to fill it. The position is for life, and the salary is \$200 a year. Any commanding officer of the navy or master of the merchant marine is eligible for election as one of the "younger brethren" by the "elder brethren." There is no salary attached to the position, but they are eligible for election as one of the "elder brethren."

England is divided into seven lighthouse districts, each in charge of a superintendent. The superintendents are persons who enter the service as apprentices at the age of thirteen and have worked up to the position of master on board of a steam tender. They are selected for the position of superintendent by the "elder brethren." A superintendent has

or his children.

Lighthousekeepers are appointed for life. They enter the service between the ages of nineteen and twenty-eight, and their salaries are regulated according to length of service and not according to station. Lightkeepers as well as the other employees of the lighthouse service are pensioned when too old to perform duty. There is a regular lightship service, also for life, and the officers are selected from the men. The men enter between the ages of nineteen and twenty-eight, but most have been at sea. They are then eligible to work up to lighthouse master and master. These men are pensioned when too old to serve.

BIZET AND HALÈVY.

The Story of the Origin of a Popular Air in "Carmen."

Bizet, the composer of the world famous opera "Carmen," and Halévy, his librettist, once occupied apartments whose outer doors opened on the same landing. As soon as he had finished an air Bizet would hasten to submit it to his neighbor, who subjected it to the most severe criticism. From morning to night the piano resounded in the composer's apartments. One night Bizet finished a dramatic bit in which he fluttered himself he had successfully stretched the pride of a triumphant toro after a successful bullfight. But Halévy listened in silence and showed but a moderate enthusiasm. Bizet, somewhat piqued, asked the cause of this coldness.

"It's good, I admit," said Halévy. "In fact, it's too good. It lacks movement; it lacks snap—in short, it's not popular enough."

"Not popular enough!" shouted the pugnacious composer. "Do you want to write for the signs?" He went out in a huff, but soon returned and in an hour returned with another air. "This is to this," said he. "Here is my toro that has written down to your popular level." It was indeed the song of the toro and the only one which on the first night received an ovation and seemed to move the first night audience from its toro.

Speak For Yourself, John.
The Lord Leicester of a century ago had no sons by his first marriage and, being well on in years, was anxious to see his heir apparent a nephew, happily wedded. His wish was that a charming daughter of his neighbor, the Earl of Albemarle, should be the future Lady Leicester. With her and her sisters he used to enjoy his morning rides. One morning she came alone, and during the ride he asked, thinking to forward his nephew's interests, "Anne, my dear, how should you like to be mistress of Holkham?" "There is nothing I should like better," she replied. "Then I shall send my nephew William to court you," said the earl, glad that the fates seemed to favor his project. But the lady calmly and gravely answered, "I shall never be mistress of Holkham on those terms." "Why," exclaimed the astonished old gentleman, looking the lady hard in the face, "you don't mean to say you would marry me?" "Yes, indeed I would," was the answer, "and nothing I should wish better." And as a consequence the nephew did not succeed to the earldom.—London Chronicle.

Perseverance.

Timous, the great Asiatic conqueror, commonly known by the name of Tamerlane, had extraordinary perseverance. No difficulties ever led him to recede from what he had once undertaken, and he often persisted in his efforts under circumstances which led all around him to despair. On such occasions he used to relate to his friend an anecdote of his early life. "I once," he said, "was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat alone many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object. The grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground, but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top. This sight gave me courage at the moment, and I never forgot the lesson."

The Landscape Near Jerusalem.
The country about Jerusalem is essentially a pale country. Indeed, I often thought it looked stricken, as if its pallor had come upon it sharply, had been sent to it as a visitation. I was not sorry that I saw it first under grayness and swept by winds. The grayness, the winds, seemed to me to emphasize its truth, to drive home its reality. And there was something noble in its sadness. Even nature can take on an aspect of trickiness at times, or at least a certain coquetry, a daintiness not wholly free from suggestions of artificiality. The landscape in the midst of which Jerusalem lies is dreary, is sad; in stormy weather is almost forbidding. Yet it has a bare frankness that renders it dignified, a large simplicity that is very striking. The frame is sober, the picture within it is amazing, and neither, once seen, can ever be forgotten.—Robert Hichens in Century.

What Happened to Bill.
Mrs. Dixon was putting Frank, aged six, and Willie, aged four, to sleep with a bedtime story when she was suddenly compelled to answer the doorbell. Hastening away with the intention of immediately returning, Mrs. Dixon was detained by a caller. The boys grew restless. Finally, running to the top of the stairs, where he knew his mother could get a perfect view of him, Frank used nearly all his small stock of diplomacy in trying to attract his mother's attention without disturbing the visitor. After several futile attempts at gesticulations he called out in a loud whisper perfectly audible to both ladies below, "Mamma, you'd better come up," then in a most awe inspiring tone adding, "cause Bill's nose is comin' unswept!" — Youth's Companion.

Tibetan Penal Code.
The Tibetan penal code is curious. Murder is punished with a fine varying according to the importance of the slain, theft by a fine of seven to one hundred times the value of the article stolen. Here, again, the fine depends on the social importance of the person from whom the theft has been committed. The harbinger of a thief is looked upon as a worse criminal than the thief himself. Ordeals by fire and by boiling water are still used as proofs of innocence or guilt, exactly as was the custom in Europe in the middle ages. And if the lamas never inflict death they are adepts at torture.

Takes Literally.
The tramp approached the pompous gentleman and asked for a copper. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," quoted the gent.

"Tain't no use, mister," answered the weary one. "Me aunt's list as tight listed as me uncle and me other relatives."—Exchange.

The Boy Told Him.
Father (after a long search)—Well, here it is. I wonder why one always finds a thing in the last place one looks for it? Bright Boy—I suppose it's cause after people find it they leave off looking.

She Still Lectures.
Mr. Title—Your wife used to lecture before she was married. Has she given it up now? Mr. Midge—Well—er—yes—that is, in public.

Tommy's Reason.
"Tommy," the schoolmaster asked, "why are you scratching your head?" "Cause nobody else knows just where it itches."

To bear is to conquer our fate.—Campbell.

The Carolina Mutual Insurance Company, Durham



G. W. POWELL,

General Manager of the Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Co., Durham, N.C.



Dr. S. L. Warren

OUR FIRST MINT.

Some of the Rules and Regulations
That Were in Force There Over
a Hundred Years Ago.

The first United States mint at Philadelphia was naturally a very unpretentious affair. The material for coinage was secured from abroad. Time was found much difficulty to get any one of experience to operate the engraving, and the salary list of the first mint employees was: David Rittenhouse, director, \$2,000 per annum; Tristram Dalton, treasurer, \$1,500; Isaac Henry Voight, coiner, \$1,500; Isaac Hugh, clerk, \$52.

The regular coining of copper began in 1794, silver in 1794 and gold in 1803. The following curious extracts are taken from the mint rules and regulations of the early days:

"The allowance under the name of allowance money is hereafter to be discontinued.

"The operations of the mint throughout the year are to commence at 5 o'clock in the morning.

"Christmas day and the Fourth of July and no other days—are established holidays at the mint.

"He (watchman) will keep in a proper arm chest, securely locked, a musket and bayonet, two pistols and a sword.

"The watchman must stand from 5 o'clock in the evening to 5 o'clock in the morning, must ring the yard bell every hour and send the watchman through the yard immediately after ringing the bell."

Besides the Philadelphia mint, which is now established in pretentious quarters at Seventeenth and Spring Garden streets, there are mints at San Francisco, Denver and New Orleans and an assay office at Carson City.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

It Linked the Twelfth Century With the Eighteenth.

For centuries old London bridge, with its double row of houses, was the home of generations who lived and died over the Thames waters.

Holbein lived and painted there. Osborne, the prentice lad, leaped through a window in the house of his master, Sir William Hewet, to the rescue of Sir William's daughter, who had fallen into the swollen flood of the river below, and by winning her for his wife laid the foundation of the dual house of Leeds. Crispin Tucker had his shop on the bridge, to which Pope and Swift and many another author of fame made pilgrimages to purchase books and gossip with the waggon shopkeeper. Crocker's Dictionary was printed "at the Looking Glass on London bridge," and gigantic corn mills dominated the south end of the structure, not many yards from the wonderful Nonsuch House, a huge wooden pile with turrets and cupolas brought from Holland.

Such in brief outline was the London bridge which linked the twelfth with the eighteenth century and which when it was on its last tottering legs was removed to give place to its fine successor of our day, the stone in which is said to be "nearly double that employed in building St. Paul's cathedral."—Montreal Standard.

His Danger.

In these days of almost pre-antique German music and musicians it is rather amusing to read the opinions of former generations concerning these tonic singers.

Frederick the Great was so impishly un-patriotic as to declare that he would rather hear the neighing of a horse than the singing of a German prima donna. Perhaps in his day there was some excuse for such a remark, but the times have changed.

There is a diverting anecdote of an Italian who was convinced that no German could sing. A friend induced him to go to the opera where Henriette Sontag sang. After hearing her first aria the Italian got up to go. The friend urged him to stay, assuring him that he would be convinced soon.

"I know it," replied the Italian, "and that's why I go."

Doves and Coronations.

At the ancient ceremonies of coronation of the French kings after the anointing had been performed some white doves were let loose in the church. This was supposed to symbolize the power of the Holy Ghost in directing the king's actions. A similar idea seems to have inspired all early kings, for among the English regalia is the rod of equity or the scepter with the dove. This is simply a golden rod with a mound at the top, which supports a cross. On this cross is a dove, fashioned of white enamel, with expanded wings. Some fine diamonds ornament the rod in various places.

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Wm. A. Pearson, Auditor

W. Calvin Chase, Attorney.
In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Sauer A. Gable, complainant, vs. Barbara Ellen Gable, defendant, and Alfred Traxel, co-respondent. The object of this suit is a divorce from the bonds of matrimony, between Sauer A. Gable and Barbara Ellen Gable. The grounds are adultery.

On motion of the complainant, it is this 16th day of May, 1911, ordered that the defendant, Barbara Ellen Gable, of Neffsville, Lancaster County, Pa., cause her appearance to be entered herein on or before the 40th day, exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays, after the first day of the first publication of this order; otherwise the cause will be proceeded with as in case of default. Provided, a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in the Washington Law Reporter and the Washington Bee, before said day. WENDELL P. STAFFORD, Justice.

A true copy.

Test: W. F. LEMON,
Assistant Clerk.

A true copy.

Test: J. R. YOUNG,
Clerk.

THOMAS WALKER, Attorney.
Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, holding Probate Court No. 18,000 administration.

This is to give notice that the subscriber, of the District of Columbia, has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, letters of administration on the estate of Osborn Dorsey, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 23d day of May, A. D., 1912, otherwise they may be law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 23d day of May, 1911.

WILLIAM L. SMITH,
946 E Street, Southwest.

Attest: JAMES TANNER,
Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.

GEO. F. COLLINS, ATTORNEY.
Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Holding Probate Court No. 17,833, administration.

This is to give notice that the subscriber, of the District of Columbia, has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, letters testamentary on the estate of Maria Rickson, otherwise Sally Maria Rickson, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 15th day of May, A. D., 1912; otherwise they may be law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 18th day of May, 1911.

JAMES R. WILDER,
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Attest: JAMES TANNER,
Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.

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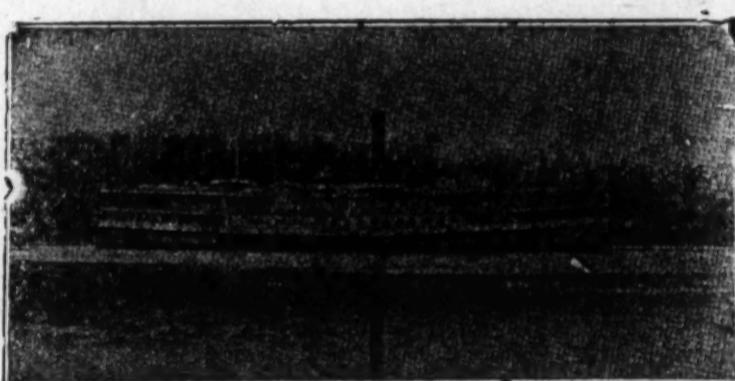
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